THE MOURNING COURT

OR,

The Solemn Representation of the Royal Funeral

OF

That Most Illustrious PRINCESS MAR

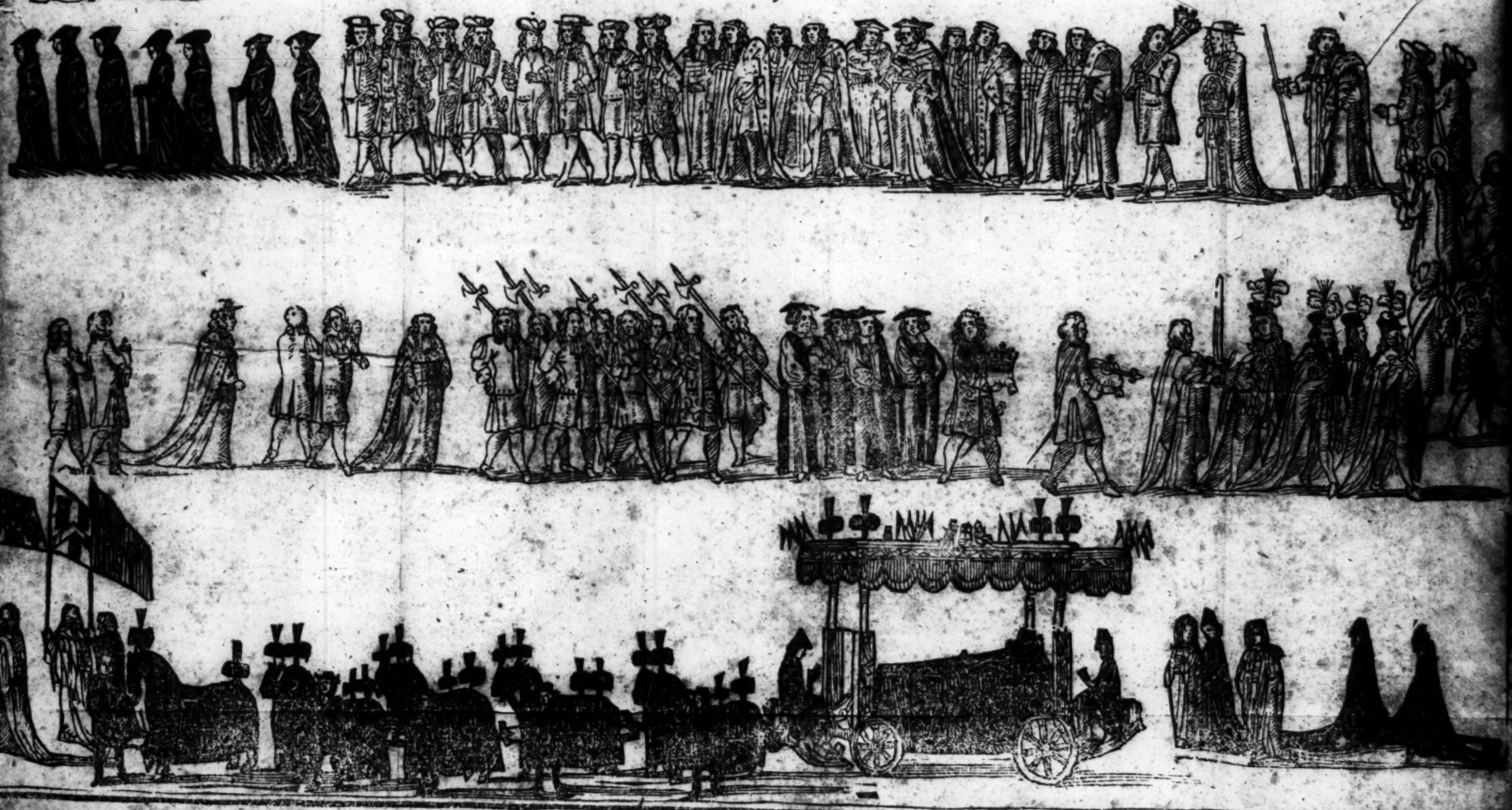
LATE

Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, &c.

WHO

Changed this Earthly Crown for a more Glorious and Celestial Diadem, on the 28th of *December* 1694, and was Interr'd in King *Hen* Chappel, at *Westminster*, on the 5th of *March* 1695; attended by the chief Nobility of the Kingdom; together with the House of Commons, and many thous of Loving and Loyal Subjects, who was sorrowful Spectators of that Mournful Solemnity.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



O Loyal Protestants, both High and Low,
Who to our Queen did true Allegiance owe,
Receive these Lines, and let them ever be
Preserved for Her blessed Memorie:

As bound in Duty, I could not forbear
To write of her, whose most Religious Care,
as to preserve the Church in Righteousness;
er Vertues therefore let us all expres,

n ancient Times the Friends surviving gave
ome rich Memorial to the dead Friend's Grave,
old, Pearl, or Jems, which Custom did intend,
ur Riches ought to wait upon our Friend

Life and Death; and therefore let us now
ith Grief and Sorrow on each Subject's Brow,
e the Queen due Veneration Pay,
ho did of late the Royal Scepter sway.

hile here she reign'd, her Vertues did appear
hrough all the Land and Nation far and near,
that sad showers of melting Tears did fall,
om those sad Eyes which saw her Funeral.

My Gratitude presents unto Her Herse,
My Tears for Balm, for Offering my sad Verse;
Give leave then, Grief, let my drown'd Muse declare,
What She that's dead, was unto them that are:

A Vertuous Life it is well-known she led,
So that at length upon a Dying-bed
Her Thoughts was plac'd above those Earthly things,
Where everlasting Joy and Pleasure springs.

First, She lov'd God, not like the *Pharisee*,
In Ostentation and Hypocrisie;
But even with all her Heart, and all her Soul,
She secretly did raging Sin controul;

For She was upright, just and innocent,
Exhorting all Her Subjects to repent,
That God might spare us for his Mercies sake,
Though *Rome* would fain a final Conquest make.

Likewise Her Princely Mercies did extend,
In Christian Love to nourish and defend
The Poor, and those that never could repay,
But with their Prayers to God both night and day.

She on Religion plac'd Her chiefest Love,
Adoring God who sits enthron'd above,
And not on Worldly Grandure, for She knew
Those empty fading Shaddows would not do.

Although a bright Imperial Crown She wore,
And here was Deck'd with many Jewels more;
Swaing the Scepter on the Royal Throne,
Her chiefest Love was plac'd on God alone.

She was a Pattern of Humility,
And therefore Ladies now of high Degree,
Her good Examples immitate, and try
To Live like Her, that you like Her may Dye

In the true Faith, that when the hand of Death
Shall give the sudden Stroke, and snatch your Breath,
Your Souls may then a Habitation gain,
Where Good Queen *MARY* does in Glory reign.

No kind of Sorrow ever enters there,
All righteous Souls are freed from Grief and Care,
In those blest Regions where she does reside,
With whom let us at last be Glorify'd.

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1695.